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POETRY.

An Autumn Picture.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heavens through;
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains, touched with purple haze,
That, like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining ryches dug it out through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.—*Scraper.*

STORY TELLER.

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

BY MRS. IRA A. EASTMAN.

"Mother, must we go to school to-day?" asked little Patience Armstrong of her mother, who stood at the table, with her sleeves rolled to the elbows, engaged in washing the breakfast dishes.

"Of course you must," was the short reply, and without a glance at her little daughter she continued her work. "But, mother, it rains real hard," pleaded the child, with quivering lips. "I can't help it if it does," she answered, ungraciously enough, although her face showed signs of relenting.

"Haden't you better let them stay to-day, Mary?" asked her husband, moved to make the appeal by the sight of the large drops which were slowly rolling down the cheeks of the little one.

The question was most unfortunate, for if Mary Armstrong had a weakness it was that she would brook no interference in the management of her children, even by their father, and the lines of her face instantly hardened, as she answered him:

"I should think, Jacob Armstrong, that you might know that I have enough to do without having two children under my feet all day, to wait upon. No! I say they cannot stay at home, and I mean what I say, too."

"But, Mary, stop for a moment and consider," urged he. "It is raining hard now, and if it keeps on all day the foot-bridge will be exceedingly unsafe by four o'clock."

"Well, if a great girl eight years old can't take care of herself, and her sister too, it is time for her to learn how. It is no use for you to talk, Jacob," she angrily cried, as he seemed about to speak. "I tell you I won't have them bothering around to-day. There, I've said it, and I hope you are satisfied," and with a jerk, she emptied the water from the dish-pail, and, after drying it, hung it upon its nail.

Her husband said no more, but, with a heavy sigh, reached for his hat, and, after tenderly kissing his children, he left the house for the day's labor on a neighbor's farm not far away.

In her girlhood Mary Lang had been noted for her sweetness of temper and gentleness of manner. The youngest of a large family, and being the only girl, her parents and brothers had carefully shielded her from life's storms, while at her marriage she went forth from the parental home with no thought but that she was still to be surrounded by the same deference and devoted love to which all her life she had been accustomed. She even felt rather glad, if anything, that they were to live with her husband's parents.

But the home into which she entered on her bridal day was very different from the one that she had left behind her. There the boys had given life and zest to the simplest pleasures, and her father and mother had entered heartily into all their plans for innocent amusement; while the grave stillness and methodic politeness of her husband's home surprised and chilled her not a little.

Her husband was an only son, and his parents were fast growing feeble and helpless, so that the duty of caring for them in their old age and infirmity devolved upon him, and before their marriage Mary had felt that it would be a pleasure to assist him in caring for them. But she had no idea of what trials she was to encounter. With only a brief courtship, followed by the proposal of marriage, she had only seen the best part of the character of the man whom she was to wed. She knew him to be rather silent and reserved, yet she was not prepared for the silence which he maintained in the family circle, and it sometimes seemed to her that he feared them—that he dared not express his real feelings and sentiments in their presence for fear of meeting their disapproval.

It was not without a struggle that

Mary submitted to such a course of life, but yet while his parents lived her efforts to bring things to her mind were ineffectual. But at last they died. A long, lingering illness had preceded the old man's death, and to meet the unusual expense the farm was mortgaged.

After the death of the old folks Jacob relaxed somewhat from the silence and stiffness which he had maintained even to his wife. It seemed as though a heavy weight had been lifted from his heart. But the change came too late. His wife's nature had also changed and hardened, until it resembled the granite hills by which she was surrounded. She had developed into a character such as we sometimes meet, where all the soft, rounded curves and dimples of form had disappeared, and she was thin and spare. The sweetness of her temper had also disappeared, and sharp and angry words were often upon her tongue.

Her husband realized that he had made a mistake, and earnestly strove to break down the barrier, which he keenly felt that he had been the first to raise between them. But his efforts were unsuccessful; she would listen to neither apologies nor reproaches, and he was at last forced back into his old refuge—silence.

Two children had been born to them—two little girls. The eldest was a straight, black-eyed girl, with long, jetty curls, and with still, quiet manners, strangely like her father and Grandmother Armstrong. She had been named after the latter, much to the disgust of the young mother, for her name was Lydia. The youngest child was a light, graceful, fairy-like little thing, with blue eyes and golden curls, resembling Mrs. Armstrong's favorite brother.

Little Patience was her mother's idol, and while Lydia had never received the full measure of a mother's love the full force of her pent up affection was lavished upon her sister, although the morbid, unhappy temper which she had cultivated sometimes vented itself upon little Patience. Jacob Armstrong was often made to wince with pain, when for some misdemeanor the angry word or perhaps more cruel blow descended upon the defenceless heads of these little children, while any interference by himself only made the matter worse.

Lydia was her father's favorite, although he tried conscientiously to treat both exactly alike, but the quiet grace of the elder possessed for him a charm more potent than all the wit and sprightliness of her more beautiful sister, and when alone with him she often charmed and surprised him by the quaint, womanly dignity of her manners, and the force and depth of the questions which she propounded. Though often hurt and grieved by the unreasonable exactions and fractious temper of her mother, yet Lydia never allowed herself to retort, but bore all in uncomplaining silence, even when her sister was praised and herself unmeritedly blamed.

"Come, Lydia, do hurry or you will be late to school," called her mother a few moments later, as the child was finishing the bed which she had been required to make.

"In one moment, mother," came the answer, in a cheerful voice, in striking contrast with the high, sharp key of the other, and an instant later she came running swiftly down the stairs.

"Is it quite time to go?" she asked, as she entered the kitchen.

"Yes, it is," was the curt reply, as the mother twisted the last flaxen ringlet of Patience's hair around her finger, and carelessly dropped it among the damp curls.

"There, look here, Lydia, I want you to pin this shawl for Patience when school is done. Do you hear?" she cried sharply, before she had time to speak.

"Yes, mother," meekly answered the little girl.

"Well, look and see how I do it then, and don't stand staring at your homely face all day." A painful blush sufficed the child's face, but without replying she turned to where her mother stood, wrapping around her sister a heavy plaid shawl of her own.

"There, you see that you wrap it around her good, so that she will be warm and dry, and pin it as I have."

"Yes, mother, I will," she answered, as she took on her own bonnet and shawl and put them on; then taking the little tin pail which contained their dinner, the little girls started for school.

"There, I didn't kiss mother good-bye," said Patience, as they stepped into the road, and she turned to go back. Lydia stood still and waited, for she well knew that if she went back there would be no good-bye kiss for her.

Mrs. Armstrong half regretted send

ing the little girls out in such a storm, and she was standing in the door watching them.

"What do you want?" she called in a sharp voice, rendered sharper by the knowledge that she was doing wrong.

"I forgot to kiss you," answered the child.

"Well, I wish there wasn't any hateful old mortgage, for I am sick of it. O, there goes Fannie; let's run and catch her," she cried, and, seizing her sister's hand, ran swiftly down the road.

It was a cold, raw day, late in the fall. It had rained steadily for two days, and by noon the storm had rapidly increased instead of diminishing. Mrs. Armstrong ate her solitary dinner, her husband taking his meal where he worked. But some way it did not taste as good as she had expected it would. The viands were nice, and the house in scrupulous order, while within the store-room long rows of flaky pies, tempting golden cakes, crisp gingerbread, cookies, and loaves of white, snowy bread, gave ample testimony of a thrifty housewife.

No children had disturbed her labors; no little hands had clung to her skirts and begged for a "little, only just a little piece of dough, mother." No little fingers had strewed the white flour from the pan, as with dainty care the hands fashioned tiny loaves of bread or miniature pies. Ah, no, she could not have them under her feet. But the silence of the house affected her differently from what she had expected, and she wished many times that she had kissed her little girl instead of turning from her.

The little voice, as it piped forth the words, "I forgot to kiss you," haunted her strangely, and as the afternoon waned she was conscious of a strange, sweet thrill, as she resolved to make up for the disappointment by being unusually kind during the evening. Four o'clock struck. In half an hour the little ones would be at home. It was raining heavily, and the mother's heart was full of anxious forebodings. She could not forget what her husband had said of the foot bridge.

"Pshaw, there is no danger," she said aloud, for the twentieth time, in answer to the thought. "Lydia is careful, and she will not attempt to cross it if it is dangerous." This thought quieted her apprehensions somewhat but not wholly, and often and anxiously she looked at the clock. When the half hour struck she was watching eagerly from the window, and the sound smote her like a knell. It was full time for the children to appear in sight, but no sign of them was visible. She strained her eyes to get a glimpse of the little forms plodding wearily along through the heavily falling rain. Fifteen minutes to five. Where could they be? Never before had they been so late, and the mother's anxiety grew almost unbearable.

Perhaps the foot-bridge was gone. If this were so it would be impossible for them to reach home. Mrs. Armstrong could feel her heart beating heavily against her breast, while an all-pervading dread was gradually gaining ground in her mind. How she wished she had given a kiss to her child. To her alarmed and distorted imagination the slow, measured tick of the clock seemed to say, "I forgot to kiss you," and the awful silence of the room seemed to haunt her with faint whisperings, "I forgot to kiss you."

She started with a cry of fear as the clock, striking five, broke the stillness of the room, and as the faithful time-piece too seemed to say, "I forgot to kiss you." She sprang from her chair and paced rapidly back and forth the length of the room. After a little she peered anxiously from the window again, but it had already become too dark to distinguish objects. How she passed the next dreadful hour she never rightly knew, but as the clock struck six the door opened and her husband entered.

With a wild, despairing cry of "O, Jacob the children!" she threw herself upon his breast.

"What of them?" he asked in a stern voice, and she could hear his breath come quick and sharp.

"They haven't got home," she answered, and the words had scarcely passed her lips, when he flung her from him with a force that sent her reeling against the wall, and without a word strode into the back kitchen, and lighting his lantern left the house. Instantly his step quickened into a run, while to the eyes of the despairing woman, whom he had left with no word of comfort or encouragement, and who had groped, despite a sudden blindness, to the window, the lantern dangling from his hand seemed like the fiery, threatening eye of an avenging spirit.

Once only the father halted—just for an instant, as a neighbor called after him. "My children," he said, hoarsely, and as the words came floating faintly on the wind to his ear, the neighbor started and followed him.

"Why man, what are you about? Are you crazy?" he cried, as coming up with him he grasped his arm.

"Would to God that I was," he said with sudden bitterness, as he shook off the detaining hand, and again broke in a run. His companion followed close beside him, and to his repeated inquiries he at last gained what information the wretched father was possessed of.

"But, Jacob, surely they would not attempt to cross the foot-bridge as

unsafe as it now is; just hear the water!" said Mr. Gray, in an earnest tone, as spent for breath they had halted an instant, while the sound of the rushing waters of the overflowing creek came to their ears.

"God only knows what they will try to do," he answered briefly, as they again pressed forward through the blinding rain and sobbing winds, while a sharp, keen pang shot through the father's heart, as he remembered the injunction, which time and again their mother had laid upon them, never to stay from home without her permission; and, with a groan he could not stifle, he remembered Lydia's calm courage and implicit obedience.

They had now reached the place where the foot-bridge, which consisted of a single plank, stretched from slender wooden foundations, was laid, and both of them suddenly stopped short in their rapid running, as a cry which seemed to them to come from the very center of the rushing, seething flood, came to their ears.

With a helpless, despairing cry, Jacob Armstrong sank down upon the wet ground.

"For God's sake, rouse yourself, Jacob! one of them is certainly alive, and we must save her. Come, come, every moment is precious," he urged, although no less alarmed than the other.

Again to their ears the cry was borne. Fainter, oh, how much fainter! yet an unmistakable human cry. With an unspoken prayer in his heart, the wretched father sprang to his feet, and ran down the little bank to the edge of the stream. He flashed the light of his lantern upon the water, and found that the bridge was still there, although covered with water. Eagerly he peered through the darkness out upon the angry, foaming tide. Surely he thought he could see some dark object away out in the middle of the stream. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, while his voice rang out far above the noise of the raging flood and fast-falling rain: "Lydia!"

He was sure that he saw a slight movement, and the cry, which was scarcely more than a moan, came back to him. He boldly stepped upon the slender plank which swayed and tossed beneath the rushing flow of waters.

"Come back, Jacob! Come back; you will surely be drowned," called his friend, but he heeded him not. He saw nothing but that dark object out in the middle of the stream, heard nothing but that low, wailing moan.

Following the glimmer of the lantern as well as he could, his companion followed him over the dangerous, swaying planks.

"I am coming, Lydia. Hold on a little longer," the father said in as brave a tone as possible, although a great, terrible fear was clutching at his heart-strings, and he unconsciously threw up his hands for breath, for he felt that he was stifling.

Carefully he stepped along upon the narrow plank, every movement threatening to plunge him into the cold, dark stream below. His friend was close behind him when he reached the dark object, clinging to the plank, while the lantern's gleam revealed the pretty red and black shawl, which, with a sharp pang, he remembered as belonging to his daughter Lydia. He stooped to raise her, but she resisted him.

"Take Patience first," she said in a low, stifled voice, denoting great exhaustion.

He looked around. Patience was not to be seen upon the bridge, but he raised the lantern, and its gleam lit the dark waters so that he saw her clinging to the heavy shawl which his wife had pinned so carefully about the little darling in the morning. Down a little way in the stream a large rock

reared itself, against whose dark, dull sides the water splashed and foamed. As his eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, he beheld a sight that blanched his cheek and made the veins stand out upon his forehead in hard, rigid cords—a sight that haunted him to his dying day. He saw his daughter, Patience; her little body beating pitilessly against the rigid rock; the shawl pinned tightly around her, while her bonnet had slipped from her head, and the long, golden curls half veiled the white, fair face—the little face on which he plainly saw that death had set its seal.

"Take the lantern," he said in a low, husky tone as he reached it to his companion; then, stooping down, he grasped Lydia with a firm hold, while he carefully drew the body of his other child towards the bridge. Silently his friend lifted the limp, dripping form into his arms, and, silently, each with his burden, turned towards the shore. Slowly and carefully they picked their way along, the rain beating pitilessly into their faces. The water was rapidly rising, and the situation was growing more dangerous every moment, and even when Mr. Armstrong, who was behind, stepped up on the solid ground, the plank was raised from its foundation and was swept away, and he turned only to behold a black, yawning gulch before him.

Without a word the two men laid their burdens upon the ground, and as Jacob Armstrong drew the bonnet from Lydia's head, and the dull gleam of the lantern rested upon it, a groan of anguish was forced from him. His companion, turning quickly, gave a cry of astonishment as he beheld the long, flowing curls of the little girl, for they were white as snow. Nothing could be done for her, so they once more took the children in their arms and bore them home.

In an agony of despair and impa

tience the wretched mother had waited and watched for the gleam of the lantern. Some hot herb tea was hissing upon the fire, while blankets were warming before its ruddy blaze. Too impatient to do more, she opened the door and stood in the doorway. As her husband beheld her there, her form sharply defined by the bright firelight, a great wave of bitterness towards her swept over him, and, without even a word or a single look either of pity or love, he pushed her roughly aside, and strode past her into the kitchen.

Tenderly he laid his little daughter Lydia upon the floor before the fire, and tearing off the wet garments, fell to rubbing the cold limbs and death-like hands, while the long, snowy curls were swept away from her face, and lay a cold, dripping mass upon the painted floor.

Mrs. Armstrong gave no cry; she made no outward show of grief, but her face, as she bent over her little girl during the fever which followed, was painful to behold. Freely and unfeignedly her husband forgave her harshness which had robbed him of one of his children, as he beheld the anguish of her face, and saw how frantically she fought with grim death, who was struggling for the prize of his only remaining darling.

The little girl would cry out in her feverish dreams, "I did pin the shawl, mother. Please don't punish me, for I held on just as hard as ever I could;" and again, "Won't somebody come, my arms ache so. Don't cry, Patience, darling, somebody will come soon."

The little girl had literally obeyed her mother's injunction, and with a keen pang that mother had seen that if the shawl hadn't been pinned quite so closely her little, golden-haired darling might have freed herself, and by climbing upon the rock have been saved.

Never once during the weary weeks of pain did Mrs. Armstrong relax her vigilance. Hours at a time she held the weeping child in her arms until the muscles quivered with pain, her hand, and hers alone, bathed the aching brow and burning limbs, and held the cup of cooling drink to the parched lips; and during the weeks of convalescence the child learned to know her mother as she had never known her before, while her presence made the black eyes shine with a light that glorified the little face.

Silent and still the bereaved mother again took up her usual round of duties. No curious eyes saw her shed one tear; no ear heard her utter a single complaint. And it was well, perhaps, that none but the All-seeing eye could fathom her grief; that none but God could tell the depth and sincerity of her repentance, which came too late to save her child, but not too late to change and beautify her home with the spirit of love and kindness. How many hasty words were checked by the memory of that sweet voice calling "I forgot to kiss you," and the harsh, unfeeling reply which she had given. During the long, weary nights, when the sad mother tossed uneasily upon her bed, the fair little face, framed by the ringlets of sunlit hair, came ever before her eyes with the look of dis

appointment stamped upon her little

features. She could not shut it out, try as she would. All her life she must bear the memory of her unkindness.

Mothers, do not the little ones receive the hasty word, or perhaps the cruel blow, oftener than they would if we could but pierce the misty veil that hides futurity from our sight, and see how short a time at best we may keep with us some of these little forms? The little hands that cling so tightly to the skirts when you are busy, vex and weary you; but may there not come a time when your arms and heart will ache because of their emptiness?—the time when your little one is asleep under the violets.

"If we knew the baby fingers,

Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon the brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then, as they do now?"

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—November was ushered in by a wintry blast which made our finger ends tingle and our noses look decidedly Democratic. The memorable storm of October 22d, when the wind blew almost a hurricane from the fever-stricken South, while it did considerable mischief in all parts of the city, did but little or no damage to the institution, except to the play grounds. There a silver maple tree, which had given us pleasant shade every summer, was blown down. With the tree went to utter destruction a balcony which had been built around it. We regret the loss of the tree more than the balcony, as the latter can be rebuilt. Several pupils cut off pieces of the light, flexible wood as keepsakes to remind them of events associated with it, which are only known to themselves. One pupil, an enthusiast of old time customs, proposed keeping the knots to burn at the Christmas fire, but found that was out of the question, and looked ruefully on as the old bones of the sentinel, fallen at its post, were carried away.

Our studies now absorb most of our time, and as the time for the examination of compositions draws near we are bound to pay more attention to the arrangement of our P's and Q's to attain what our teachers tell us for the hundredth time is all important to the deaf, "a fair knowledge of the English language."

Mysterious goings on, and whispered consultations, show that many already have some fun in store for the future, and will soon be ready to hand out their programme for Thanksgiving day.

In one of our Saturday rambles, last week, we spent the afternoon at the Zoological Gardens, where, wandering over the tastefully arranged grounds, then strewn with autumn leaves, we watched the wild animals of the forest in their prison cells; witnessed the gambols of the imps Darwin loves so well, and called on the parrots, whose screaming knowledge did not scare us. While watching a number of foxes we managed to trick them, in spite of their shrewd cunning. Making a motion as if picking up something from the ground, we tossed our hands in the air, and the expectant Reynards each time glanced above their heads as if expecting some dainty to fall from that direction.

On our return from the Gardens we paid a visit to Girard College, but as the afternoon was fast drawing to a close our stay was very brief. We inspected and admired the new, handsome chapel, constructed to accommodate some six hundred boys. Notwithstanding this great number, everywhere were seen evidences of order and cleanliness. "Our boys" we found absorbed in an all important game of base-ball.

We have witnessed in our institution a case which will serve as a warning to those addicted to the use of tobacco, and which shows, in stern facts, that the habit of chewing the nasty stuff, when once formed, is a difficult thing to overcome. This fall there came to the institution a boy, a famous chewer; and, according to the rules, he was forbidden to continue the filthy habit. Having been used to it from an early age the effects were pitiful. Nearly crazed by the discontinuance of a habit so strongly formed, he became quite unmanageable, and, the other night, escaped from the institution, no one knows how. Falling into the company of two men, probably professional midnight plunderers, he accompanied them on their exploits, and the consequence was that he spent the rest of the night, as well as several days, in the lock-up, though it is believed his only intentions were to obtain tobacco. After his return to the institution he was sent home, as to be quietly settled to his studies was impossible in his injured state of health and mind. If his friends, who will have to bear the penalty, had not allowed him to indulge such an injurious habit in early years, he could have been as hearty and happy as the rest.

Among the visitors we have had this fall was Mr. E. Booth, of Anamosa, Ia., the editor of a flourishing paper, and who is a mute, distinguished in the deaf-mute world. We were glad to see him, and only regret that his visit could not have been longer.

KEVSTON.

—Wilkinson Brothers & Co. s paper manufactory at Shelton, Conn., burned recently. Loss, from \$250,000 to \$300,000; insured for \$100,000. The workmen had barely time to escape. One hundred persons were thrown out of employment.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

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A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is its "Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of deceased subscribers. The plan, briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and containing a regularly paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietor and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st,) to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL, thus: If the subscription list of the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers the said heirs, or assigns, will receive the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 50,000 subscribers, \$12,500, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sums shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled inducement to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This Auxiliary plan is a "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons.

Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on it. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION. The undersigned, a resident of—county—, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary."

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Discussion of live issues is a thing which we believe in encouraging within proper limits. So when an intelligent gentleman sent us a letter giving his reason why, in his opinion, more deaf-mute teachers should be employed, we cheerfully published it, and see no reason why we should not do so again, or publish a letter from the other side, should it come our way, quite regardless of the wish of an institution paper to shut our "everlasting mouth."

Writers for deaf-mute papers who are favorable to the sign language as a means of deaf-mute instruction sometimes, we notice, differ widely in their opinions of how it should be used. Sifted down, pulverized, and laid out, their views are found generally to be each approximately correct, and no pupil necessarily need suffer at their hands; for which happy fact let us all be grateful.

The *Companion* ridicules the idea of a dictionary of signs, considering it a hindrance rather than a help in the school-room. Its idea is that the pupil himself should be the dictionary for the teacher to draw upon; not for use, but to get hold of what the child is thinking about so as to teach him how to express the idea correctly in writing. But the *Companion* goes on to say that the new pupil, by association with his schoolmates, rapidly picks up more and correct signs, gradually dropping those crude motions he imported from home. It follows, of course, that his sign making thereafter goes according to the common pattern, and unless the teacher is familiar with these common signs, we fail to see how he can draw out any more ideas to teach expressions of good English. The teacher must be a Kansas *Star* unabridged in the matter of signs, or a walking encyclopedia of signs at least; else how is he to get at the true meaning of the "grimaces" of his pupils, and not translate them in a manner utterly contrary to what they are intended to imply? There is a good deal of private fun in many a deaf-mute school-room. A passage from a book, for instance, is written on the

slate, and a pupil called up to read it off in signs according to his idea of the meaning of the passage. If there is enough idiom in the extract, a ludicrous translation is generally the result, and the teacher cannot resist a momentary hearty laugh. *Vice versa*: a teacher with little knowledge of signs will trust the sign-expressed ideas of his pupils into a translation which, though in itself excellent English, as far as it goes, will make a posted spectator smile. For ourselves, while there are so many familiar with the language of signs that the raw teacher can easily take sign lessons from his next door fellow teacher, and also pick up not a little from his pupils themselves, we cannot exactly see the need of a dictionary of signs; yet we can easily imagine an intelligent gentleman, one familiar with the cream of the literature of the profession, including the *Companion's* last editorial, and therefore cognizant of the way the deaf should be taught, yet wholly ignorant of signs—lacking the tools as it were—putting such a dictionary in his trunk—a sort of hardware store, to use a new simile—emigrating to Iceland, and there conning his dictionary and drilling himself in signs; then starting a school and going ahead with his pupils on a reasonably prosperous course of instruction.

THANKSGIVING.

The President's Proclamation. By the President of the United States, a Proclamation:

The recurrence of that season at which it is the habit of our people to make devout and public confession of their constant dependence upon Divine favor for all the good gifts of life and happiness, and of public peace and prosperity exhibits in the record of the year abundant reasons for our gratitude and thanksgiving. Exuberant harvests, productive mines, ample crops of the staples of trade and manufacture have enriched the country. The resources thus furnished to our reviving industry and expanding commerce are hastening the day when discords and distresses through the length and breadth of the land will, under the continued favor of Providence, have given way to confidence and energy and assured prosperity. Peace with all nations has remained unbroken. Domestic tranquility has prevailed, and the institutions of liberty and justice, which the wisdom and virtues of our fathers established, remain the glory and defence of their children. The general prevalence of the blessings of health through our wide land has made more conspicuous the sufferings and sorrows which the dark shadow of pestilence has cast upon a portion of our people. This heavy affliction, even the Divine Ruler has tempered to suffering communities in the universal aid and succor which have flowed to their relief, and the whole nation may rejoice in the unity of spirit in our people by which they share one another's burdens.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the twenty-eighth of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for His mercies, and to devoutly beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this thirtieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and third.

R. B. HAYES.

By the President: WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

Washington, Oct. 31, 1878.

The Governor's Proclamation.

When we call to mind the gifts that God has sent us, and the ills which He has spared us, in the year now ending, we find great cause for gratitude to Him. The health of our people the peace and good order of the State, and the continued care of Providence, give us abundant reason to rejoice. It is fit that in this time of gathered fruit and harvest, keeping the usage of our fathers, we give public thanks for these and all other good things.

Therefore, I hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of November, instant, as a day of Thanksgiving to God for all His mercies. And I recommend that the people of this State on that day cease from their usual work, and assembling in their wonted places of worship, make public offer of their thanks. And while we hold these joyous services, let us not fail to mark the day with acts of Christian charity towards the poor, whom we have always with us.

Done at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, this fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

L. ROBINSON.

By the Governor: DAVID C. ROBINSON, Private Sec'y.

All the disorders and weaknesses peculiar to Females removed by the timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

—In a drunken quarrel between two young men at Wheeling, W. Va., Frank Hoberst stabbed Edward Kiger, resulting in his death.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark them so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THE JOURNAL comes this week "chuck full" of news.—*Index*, Nov. 21, 1878.

A sociable for the deaf-mutes of Minnesota, Minn., was to be organized on the 16th inst.

Form of the blind pupils of the Minnesota Institution are learning to seat chairs with cane, and are succeeding well.

On Sunday afternoon, October 27th, Rev. A. B. Bishop officiated in the chapel of the Minnesota Institution, and Professor Noyes interpreted.

WILLIAM DEAN, a graduate of the Minnesota Institution, is assistant book-keeper in the Security Bank in Minneapolis. His father is cashier.

Mrs. John H. Harris, of St. Paul, Minn., is in Utah Territory for her health. She has been there for a year past. She is expected home this fall.

CHARLES A. Fox, of St. Paul, a subscriber of the JOURNAL, was educated in Germany. He is a cigar-maker by trade, talks English well, and lives at St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Belle E. Porter, who has been visiting at LaCrosse, Wis., left for her home, Wrentham, Mass., quite suddenly, on the 13th inst., on account of the sickness of a sister.

MR. D. M. FARR, father of one of the graduates of the Minnesota Institution, recently died in Texas. He was traveling in that State as a lecturer and magic lantern exhibitor.

MR. S. A. LEWIS, of Iowa, gave the deaf-mutes a good lecture in Minneapolis one Sunday last. They were pleased to see him. He is one of the oldest graduates of the American Asylum.

DAVID G. ATKINSON has lately been assigned to the position of assistant to the foreman of the shoe shop of the Indiana Institution. Mr. Atkinson is one of the old graduates of that institution.

JOHN H. HARRIS, of St. Paul, Minn., agrees with Mr. Larson's article about the alumni convention being held at Delavan, Wis. He has not been there for the past fifteen years, and would be pleased to attend it there.

THE MINNESOTA INSTITUTION has a library of good books, about 800 volumes in number, and also owns five shares in the Fairbank public library. The books are good ones in both libraries, and the pupils take great interest in reading them.

MR. BARTLETT and Mr. Bird gave an exhibition of the sign-language at the room of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, last evening, at the request of the officers of the association. Several amusing stories were told in pantomime, and the audience seemed very much interested.—*Hartford News*, Nov. 7, 1878.

SIXTY applications for admission to the Indiana Institution have been rejected this year on account of the lack of room. The attendance at present is 320. It is understood that an effort will be made during the coming session of the Legislature to secure an appropriation towards the enlargement of the buildings.

MR. and Mrs. Hardy P. Chapman made a short visit at the asylum to-day, on their way home to Salem from Washington. They visited the deaf-mute college while they were at Washington, also many other places of interest in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York during their trip. They left Hartford for Boston and Salem this noon. Mr. Chapman is an upholsterer by trade, and will reside in Salem, engaged in that business for the present.—*News*, Nov. 7, 1878.

THE DAILY NEWS of Nov. 4th reports with much pleasure a short visit at the asylum from one of its honest and industrious graduates, Mr. Francis A. Watts. Mr. Watts graduated ten years ago and is now living with his mother at Rockville, Conn. He is a marble worker by trade, earns good wages, is a member of the church in Rockville, and is a valuable and respected citizen of the place. The honest and industrious independence of such graduates is a source of pride to the institutions where they were educated.

REV. A. W. MAIN'S first service at Munio, Ind., November 8th, was well attended. The pastor of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Bicknell, is taking a deep interest in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Lately, while traveling through the surrounding counties, he made inquiries, eliciting the fact that the number of deaf-mutes was large enough to justify any effort to establish, at accessible points, services in the sign-language. To make the intercourse with them more ready and convenient, he has made himself very proficient in the manual alphabet.

TWO MUTES of Worcester went out to Westboro', 8 miles distant, in two wagons, to a "Goose Party" at Mr. J. O. Sanger's residence, Thursday night, the 7th inst. Mr. Henry M. Howe, the noted caterer, and Mrs. W. H. Green cooked the oysters for supper, at 9 o'clock. Afterwards some remarks were made about Ben Butler, who was defeated by Hon. Thomas Talbot, for Governor of Massachusetts. They left for their homes at 11 o'clock, and arrived at midnight. While on their way home it was snowing, but they enjoyed the evening's entertainment and ride very much.

WITH THE MUTES' COMPANION of November 9th came a fine picture of the Minnesota Institution, together with a synopsis of what the institution is intended to do, and what it is already doing for the deaf and dumb, and the blind of Minnesota, and also asking for information concerning the same. The picture is a fine one, and every blind child in the State. The sheet besides contains a representation of the manual alphabet; our thanks are hereby tendered for the same. It adorns our office walls.

CHILDREN from the branches of St. Joseph's Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Fordham, Westchester and Brooklyn, were among the visitors to the Cathedral fair yesterday. They expressed their childish delight by an unending movement of their hands and fingers in the sign-language. Their teachers, in the same language, told them all about the objects on the tables. Chairman Moore, of the committee of ticket-takers, provided refreshments, and then one of the smallest of the boys, Tommy Markey, was lifted to a stand near the restaurant, and returned thanks for his companions and himself.—*New York World*, Nov. 12, 1878.

THE ANHET, N. H., CABINET, of November 12th says: The meeting of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission at this place brought together about forty of these people, and resulted in very interesting exercises. Rev. Thomas Galland was here Saturday, and obliged to leave in the afternoon to meet an engagement to preach in New York on Sunday. The meetings Saturday and Sunday evenings were held in the chapel, and social in their nature, a large number taking part. Sabbath evening Rev. John Chamberlain, who acted as interpreter at the meetings, explained the sign-language to many present who could hear. Sabbath day the services were held in the Congregational church, in the morning, addresses being made or short sermons preached by Messrs. Brown, David and Prof. Job Turner, they being interpreted for those who could hear. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Davis preached, the discourse being furnished the mutes as fast as delivered by the interpreter in the sign-language.

THE MARYLAND INSTITUTION has 90 pupils. The Colorado Institution pupils are progressing very fast.

THE COLORADO INSTITUTION asks for contributions to its library.

THE OUT-BOUSES of the Colorado Institution have lately been painted.

OF THE 13 new pupils of the Minnesota Institution 5 are Norwegians.

A colored man at the Kentucky Institution trapped over 300 rats last month.

TAMMERS are numerous at Colorado Springs, the seat of the Colorado Institution.

THE THIRD and fourth volumes of the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* have been recently bound in one volume.

FREDERICK DONELL, one of the Maryland Institution pupils, is said to have white hair and pink eyes.

THE MARYLAND INSTITUTION printing-office is in charge of one of the oldest boys. He has four apprentices.

O. J. KENNEDY, editor of the *Index*, and "Abe" Roberts have returned from a two months' trip in the South.

THE COLORADO INSTITUTION pupils frequently feast on wild ducks. Don't you wish you were one of those pupils?

THE *Index* credits George H. Young with being the best man. He recently sent a money order of \$10 for 20 subscriptions.

THE COLORADO INSTITUTION is not the only one located in a town without saloons. The *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* says Danville has none.

THE *Index* says apples are plenty at Colorado Springs, and that they are cheap—only 4¢ a barrel. They are cheap here—from 75 cents to \$1 a barrel.

J. P. RALEIGH, Superintendent of the Colorado Institution, is presiding over a series of meetings held by the various Christian denominations of Colorado Springs.

THE COLORADO INSTITUTION is highly honored in having a cook of considerable note—that is to say she was formerly a cook for the family of Governor elect F. W. Pihlin.

THE LITTLE BOYS at the Kentucky Institution are taught lessons of industry. Among other small work they keep the walks clean by sweeping them once or twice a week.

JOHN H. HARRIS, of St. Paul, Minn., was educated in Wisconsin and Minnesota. He is foreman of the North-Western Chronicle office, one of the leading newspapers in the North-West.

DR. Z. B. NICHOLS, who has long been the attendant physician at the Colorado Institution, intends to take a year's vacation on the Pacific coast, and his position will be filled by Dr. Beckwith.

THE DAILY NEWS says good apples are selling for seventy-five cents in Hartford. On reading that we determined to visit Hartford, but changed our mind when we gazed aghast upon our attorned pocket book.—*Index*.

MR. JOHN BROOKS, the deaf-mute foreman of the Toronto National, calls Pim Brothers' office, in Dublin, Ireland, his alma mater. Though an Irishman, he is perfectly free from the slightest suggestion of brogue, says the *National*.

THE RESIDENTS of Colorado Springs who hail from "Bleeding Kansas" are preparing for a grand reunion which will be "a feast of reason and flow of soul." The old times of that great state will then call to memory dark days of peril and trouble when they battled for the glorious privilege of freedom on her soil, and when the marauding border ruffians from across the line invaded her borders and laid waste her territory. Many of our most prominent townsmen are from Kansas, and the reunion cannot fail to be a grand success.—*Index*.

MR. THOS. P. DORSEY, who graduated at this Institution in 1861, has accepted the position of bookkeeper in two vacation houses of Mr. C. B. Anderson and Mr. McElwain & Co., in Mayville. For either or both positions he is eminently qualified, but the question is, which he will really fill, for it must appear that he cannot occupy both at the same time. As the case now stands, Mr. Dorsey appears to be situated pretty much like the chap with two sweethearts, and with him well may we exclaim, "How happy I could be with either if I'd her dear charmer away!"—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

HIRSH L. BALL, a deaf-mute, is taking lessons at type-setting in our office, and will continue to do so till next spring. As he had finished his summer's work for Jesse Burdick, and was not much home, he concluded to work nights and mornings for his board by taking care of stock for a brother-in-law, John Cole, 1½ miles from here, and practice at type-setting in the middle of the day. Hiram is to be commended for his shrewdness and foresight in seeing his wages earned on a farm, working to pay for board, and getting an insight into the printer's trade. What information he gains of the new work he hopes will be of some practical benefit to him at some future time.

ABOUT four o'clock yesterday afternoon a deaf and dumb man near the Lexington depot came very near meeting with a serious, if not fatal accident. The passenger train had departed, and he was walking down the track, thinking, perhaps, there were no other trains near at hand, when an engine with three or four freight cars backed down the track toward the depot. A deaf-mute called out to the mutes to warn him of his danger, but the latter paid no attention to the warning. The stranger then hurried to his side and led him off just as the cars passed by. It was a narrow escape, and this should be a warning to all deaf-mutes to keep away from the railroads at all times. Extra trains are run daily on the roads, and there is no telling what time one will come in.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal*, November 1.

THE ELEVENTH annual report of the Clarke Institution (Northampton, Mass.) for the year ending September 1st, 1878, is before us. The pupils are divided into two departments, one for primary instruction, the other for the studies of the common and high course. The school is in a successful condition. The average number of pupils in both departments was 68, 4 more than in 1877. In the present school year the expenses are estimated at not more than \$26,000; last year they were \$25,542.81; yet the average attendance this year is anticipated to be 75. The finances of the institution are on a sound basis. The net debt of the institution is about \$36,000; the present property, including the fund, is valued at \$265,000. The debt was slightly reduced last year, but will be more rapidly diminished hereafter. Six pupils graduated with honor at the close of the last term.

A laughable affair occurred in Greensburg, Ind., the other day—a quarrel between a man and wife, both deaf and dumb. Mrs. G.—was a hard-working woman, with a profligate husband. With light heart and willing hands she had labored until she had saved money enough to purchase a calico dress. While he considered that he could put the money to better use—the result of which Mrs. G.—with wild gesticulations, picked up a rock with which to strike him, when, taking hold of her, he pushed her, by main force, into a grocery store near, intimating by gestures that in his pocket he carried a razor and if she did not desist, he would razor her at once. The interference of bystanders settled the dispute by sending her to a friend's and threatening him with the Marshall.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

THE CONCORD, N. H., *Statesman* of Nov. 14th states that the deaf-mute son of the late John S. O. Abbot, the author, is a compositor employed in the office of the *Lake Village Times*, in Belknap county, N. H.

THE ROCHESTER UNION of October 25th says: Early this morning Policeman De Witt found a deaf and dumb girl, without any bonnet or shawl on, wandering around the streets in the neighborhood of Vincent Place bridge. He brought her to the police office, where she was interviewed, by means of a paper and pencil, as to who she was and where she came from. Her answers were not very legible, but sufficient was gleaned there from her to learn that her name was Emma Dare. She formerly belonged in Rome, where her father lived. He died some time ago, and she and her step-mother did not get along well together. She came on here from Utica. From her appearance it would seem that she had escaped from some institution. After being provided with a substantial breakfast Emma was handed over to the Superintendent of the Poor.

ACCORDING to the Rochester Union a deaf, dumb and imbecile lad, named McDermott, the son of a resident of Elizabethtown, N. Y., was recently killed on the State Line Railroad, by the locomotive drawing-train N. 3, John Green, engineer, D. E. Phillips, conductor. The lad was allowed to wander around as he was harmless, although he did not entirely possess his reason. At the time of his death he was without a hat, shoes or stockings. He was seen standing on a bridge near Ashford station, and although the engineer whistled, and the poor lad looked around and saw the engine approaching, he made no attempt to get out of the way. In consequence he was struck and horribly mangled, one leg being broken, and the other cut entirely off. He was picked up, and two doctors called to his assistance, but he died in a very short time after being taken to Elizabethtown.

AT THE ROYAL DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION in Dresden (Capital of Saxony) there occurred, on the 14th ult., the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the school, together with a jubilee. Mr. Jenckes is a meritorious instructor of the deaf-mutes. It took place in the presence of the most distinguished persons. The jubilee, however, opened the festival with a speech, delivered orally and in the sign-language, that the pupils as well as the public might understand it. The speech described the school from its small and humble origin to its present greatness. The first ten years of the school was a period of hard, difficult struggles, but it has developed largely in the past forty years. In the speech it was reported that the funds of the school are at present nearly \$200,000. The school, which is going to be enlarged, will admit 200. Notwithstanding a harsh school in Plauen, near Dresden, with about 35 pupils, will not be given up. Delegations from other institutions came from near and far. Numerous telegrams were received, and my chest was filled with them. The remaining festival acts consisted of two banquets and of one torch-light procession. Cont.

JOHN WARD, of Montreal, writes: "I send you \$1.50 in a registered letter. I like to read the JOURNAL. I left the Catholic Institution of Montreal last October, and am now staying in this city, a few months, at Mr. Howe's, a deaf-mute, and a painter by trade. He was surprised to read, in your excellent paper, about 'Our Toronto Letter' last week. I hope to go to Brooklyn next July or August, and will be very glad to see my friends in New York and Brooklyn on that occasion. My address is 339 St. Mary street, Montreal. Mr. Adrien Lapelle came from Ottawa to this city to see his deaf-mute friends, and is staying at the Hotel de la Ville. He will perhaps return to Ottawa next December or January. Mr. Joseph Monnier, a deaf-mute, and a wood-engraver, is in partnership with Mr. Wiseman. Messrs. John Daly and John Grace are making a new trade. The former intends leaving here for the United States in a few years."

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

We have a hundred and thirty pupils present, and, as to their health, it is enough to say that the nurse and the hospital are generally alone in their glory.

Base-ball having gone into winter quarters, a light fall of snow kept the boys in practice by supposing every one the first baseman, and picking up a snow-ball and driving it at him. The snow is gone, however, and nature is bleak and bare, and muddy.

Our literary association pursues its weekly round of lectures, and debates, and social re-unions. The other night a spirited struggle took place between promising orators as to whether it was more preferable to live in the country than the city. Judging by the majority's opinion, we had better pull up stakes and move into the woods.

We began the erection of the new building last August. It is now up and roofed, and as soon as the furnaces are in and going the inside work will be pushed on, probably, and completed about Christmas. Then we shall march our little ones up, bag and baggage, and keep them there. It will be a good home for them.

Occasionally an old New York Institution graduate comes around. George Walters did, for one, this fall, after his hop picking was over. W. S. Watts, another, dropped in, on his way to Syracuse to make his residence with a relative there.

Last spring, funny I didn't mention it before, a deaf-mute, John Sorg by name, hailing from Philadelphia, with a story that his parents had sent him out in the world to take care of himself, dropped in upon us, just in time to be too late for dinner. He said he had been taught at the Pennsylvania Institution, and he wrote a fine hand, but otherwise was not remarkable, unless for the absence of even an apology for a collar, and for his general neatness. He wanted to stay with us and learn more. Well, letters were written to Pennsylvania, and the answers received were not complimentary to John Sorg. He was an incorrigible truant, and had, in one of his tramps, found his way to the Pacific coast and back; yet he was hardly twenty-one years old. We were advised to start him home, and not to worry about him afterwards. He was given over to the poor-master, with orders to comply, and that was the last of him.

There is a church conference this week, and, as the particular church is just across the road from us, we have plenty of visitors. One of those attending, a lady, says she has a couple of young deaf-mute relatives, and, as she does not live far away, the probabilities are that they will be here before this is in type. C. S. M. Rome, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1878.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather mild and moist; roads soft and juicy.

N. P. Webb has returned from Cambridge.

Mrs. H. Humphries was in Syracuse last week.

J. C. Taylor is said to have the fattest pig in the village.

"Alec" Myers is shipping considerable quantities of potatoes to Philadelphia.

The turkeys are trembling in anticipation of Thanksgiving, which occurs on Thursday, the 28th inst.

J. A. Rickard has sold his house and lot to Jehiel Austin, of Pulaski. Possession is to be given next spring.

Surrogate Skinner has commenced the construction of a fire-proof office near his residence in Railroad street.

E. L. Huntington recently visited friends for a few days at Waterville, N. Y., and also made a business call at Syracuse.

John Boyd is quite lame with his sprained ankle, but is able to be on the streets, and is now considerably on the improve.

Rev. James Skinner, of Syracuse, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in this village last Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Ed. Thomas, of Palermo, and Miss Mary Didier, of this village, were married last Sunday at the Catholic Church. We hear that the happy pair have gone to New York on a wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Heath and children, of Michigan, are visiting friends in this village and town. Mrs. Heath, a sister of J. A. Rickard, was formerly a resident of Mexico, but has resided west for fifteen or twenty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Weygint, who have been temporarily living in the town of New Haven, while manufacturing cheese during the summer at the factory near the Dempster Grove camp-meeting grounds, have lately moved back to their own residence at Prattville.

John Jones, of Prattville, has completed his large, expensive, and commodious residence, and will soon move into it. The new building is located on a little rise of ground, a short distance south of his old house, commands an imposing appearance, and is a fine specimen of architecture, and is an ornament to the neighborhood.

The academy and the three public schools in our village all close this week Friday for a two weeks' vacation. During the present term the attendance has been quite large, both at the academy and at the common schools, and it is said that a large part of the pupils have made commendable progress.

Our neighbors, D. C. Morse and his family, have lately moved into their house on the east side of Salmon Creek. Some time ago, we think, we said they had moved, or that they were about to move. We were mistaken, however, as we learn that they were only moving some wood; but, as a natural consequence, we supposed, of course, that the family would soon follow the wood pile.

A little son of Chester Dewey, one mile east of this place, met with a terrible accident last Monday morning. He was leading a colt to water, when it kicked him, striking the little fellow a powerful blow on his head and crushing the skull in a frightful manner. Drs. C. E. Heaton and J. W. Huntington, of this village, and Low, of Pulaski, were called as soon as possible, and all that was possible was done for the little sufferer, but his recovery it is said is considered very doubtful.

Ward Allen, son of F. B. Allen, Esq., of New Haven, went west three or four weeks since in search of a situation. He arrived at River Falls, Minn., on Saturday, obtained a permanent and lucrative situation in a large flouring mill, and went to work on the following Monday morning. Ward is a very worthy young man, is well known, and has many friends here, having been a clerk a year for H. C. Peck & Son, and all are pleased to hear that he has secured such a good position.

A very pleasant affair came off at the Episcopal Church in this village, Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. It was the marriage ceremony of Mr. George Everts, formerly of this town, but now a resident of the State of Texas, to Miss Florence Fort, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fort, of New Haven, and formerly residents of this village. A large number had received invitations to be present at the ceremony, and at the appointed hour, seven o'clock, quite a gathering of people had arrived. By invitation Henry Cook, Lewis Rider, and Junius Stone acted the part of ushers. Mrs. A. M. Parker presided at the organ. At the proper moment the bridal party arrived and the marriage knot was soon tied by Rev. Dr. Cross, the rector of the church, in his usual impressive and graceful style. The bride was dressed in white, and the bridegroom's suit of black was neat and tasty. The bridal pair were accompanied by a party of eight including the father, mother, and a sister of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Everts, the father and step-mother of the bridegroom. Last Saturday a large number of the friends of the newly-married couple called upon them at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fort. We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Everts have gone to London, Can., where a sister of the former resides, and that they will soon leave for San Antonio, Tex. They take with them the good wishes of many friends.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

A man named Elliott, a body snatcher, was detected while driving off with four bodies, arrested and placed in the Columbus, O. jail, where he came near being lynched by an infuriated mob. Other arrests were expected soon.

A train of cars on the New Brunswick Railroad ran off the track near Florenceville. A coach in which were twenty passengers was burned, and, before they could be extricated, one child was burned; besides, in other ways, several were killed and quite a large number were injured.

The proprietor of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, at York, Pa., a contributor of one hundred dollars for an investigation into the cause or causes of the yellow fever in the South, has written to Surgeon General Woodworth that the fever this year has cost the country, according to his best calculations, one hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

Captain Abram Bancker died at his residence in Brooklyn, October 12th, at the age of eighty years. He was the first contributor of ship news to

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Fearing that if I abstain much longer from opening my budget it may become altogether too large, I herewith transmit such news as I think may most interest your readers.

Visitors are flocking to our institution in great numbers. Among others, we have been gladdened by the presence of Principal Palmer, and his wife, of Canada, who called on us October 25th. Professor Palmer is well known among us, and we hope himself and wife enjoyed their visit as much as ourselves. We regret that their visit was of so short a duration, but hope for a longer call the next time they come our way. Another of our guests was the venerable Job Turner, whose benevolent face greeted our eyes October 28th. His stay was full of interest, especially to the boys, whom he entertained with many of his reminiscences. We wish him success in his disinterested efforts in behalf of his fellow deaf-mutes.

With November's advent the weather has become quite stormy. We have already experienced several cold snaps; but it was not till the 6th inst. that the snow made its appearance. It began to fall at 9:55 A. M., lasting only a few minutes, however, and was so slight that it could not be measured. It scarcely wet the sidewalks. The temperature at the time was 38 degrees, and a cold, damp wind was blowing. After the snow ceased falling the temperature rose rapidly, and a heavy mist settled over the city. When the snow began falling we hoped for some early coating, but we were disappointed. Our hopes, however, revived when, at about ten o'clock on Friday, the 8th inst., a violent storm of wind and hail, succeeded by a light fall of snow, passed over the city. This also lasted only a few moments. Since then the weather has been cold and clear.

As I have been so particular in letting your readers know of the success of our sprinters, in competition with their hearing and speaking brethren, I must not omit to also tell of their defeats. An old proverb tells us that "Fair play is bonny play;" so I think it is but right to let your readers know of their defeats as well as successes. I am the more encouraged in this determination inasmuch as their defeat in this instance may properly be chronicled as victorious in defeat, for, though circumstances were against them, they acted in such an honorable manner, and ran so well, that they won the admiration of all who witnessed their performances. On Saturday, November 9th, McPaul and Emmons, two of our best runners, took part in the games of the Greenpoint Athletic Club, which came off on the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club. McPaul ran in the 100 and Emmons in the 440 yards races. The former is so well known in amateur circles that he could get no handicap. Emmons, though more successful in this respect, had less handicap than any of the other competitors in his race. Both of our boys failed through accidents. The subjoined clippings from the *New York Herald* of Sunday, November 10th, will give your readers an idea of the case, and will more easily enable them to form an opinion. Speaking of the 100 yards race it says:

"The games began with the open handicap of 100 yards. Of forty-five entries thirty-eight came to their stations. When the first and second trial heats were over C. A. J. Querkorner, Scottish-American A. C., 30 feet start; W. J. Crowley, Staten Island, 12 feet; J. S. Voorhis, Adolphus A. C., 18 feet, and Frank Nichols, American A. C., 20 feet, had qualified for the final heat. The interest in the result was intense. Querkorner, who is a member of the champion tug of war team of his club, made excellent use of his allowance and looked a winner for seventy-five yards, when Voorhis came with a terrific rush and won on the tape by nearly two feet in 10 seconds. Querkorner was second, Nichols third and Crowley last. M. McPaul, Fanwood A. C. (deaf-mute), was scratch man, and had the handicapping been made with a little more intelligence he would have been in the final heat and well up at the finish. This young man is deserving of great praise. Without sense of speech or of hearing he has made his mark among the best of American amateur sprinters, and that is saying a great deal."

Of the 440 yards race it remarks: "The run of 440 yards, open handicap, followed, and four trial heats brought out twenty-five performers. F. W. Janssen, Staten Island A. C., 65 yards start; J. L. Eglington, Greenpoint A. C., 75 yards; R. S. McCreery, Manhattan A. C., 65 yards; J. Doyle, Scottish-American A. C., 50 yards; M. Ellis, Scottish-American A. C., 65 yards; H. Schroder, City College of New York, 45 yards; W. A. Emmons (deaf-mute), Deaf and Dumb Institute, 40 yards, and F. J. Baker, Brooklyn A. C., 65 yards, ran in the final. Janssen won without difficulty, beating Baker, second, four yards, who was the same distance ahead of McCreery, third. Emmons, the deaf-mute, was accidentally knocked over on the first lap by some awkward outsider, and had this interference not occurred there are reasons for believing that he had a capital chance of landing the first prize."

Though these unlooked-for defeats have somewhat disappointed us, still our runners intend to do all in their

power to maintain the honor of our club. With this object in view there are now in training McPaul, W. A. Emmons, Doane, Dobbs, and Fox, (not David), all of the High Class, who intend to participate in the games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club on Thanksgiving Day, the former in the 75 yards run and the latter four in the half-mile run. As each of them has made pretty good time at the respective distances, we hope some one of them will carry off a prize.

Pupils present 617. F. Washington Heights, Nov. 12, 1878.

IS THE DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE A HUMBUG?

This question was suggested by a passing allusion, in Mr. G. T. Dougherty's letter in the last number of the *JOURNAL* in regard to the relative proficiency of the boys who entered college from the New York and Ohio Institutions, to one of the causes which have induced promising young men to forego the advantages of a full collegiate education at the national institution, which our Government has so wisely provided for all of them.

As to the relative proficiency of the New York and Ohio boys who have entered college, Mr. Dougherty gives sufficient reason why it is manifestly unfair to institute a comparison between them. It is that the most "promising" of the Empire State boys who might have distinguished themselves at college were induced to believe that our college was not what it claimed to be; that it was no college at all; in short, that it was a humbug, and, consequently, did not put in an appearance to compete for college honors with the more enterprising Buckeye youth. Had there been none of that unnecessary prejudice against the college, which prevailed among the New York boys in former years, the college rolls might have glittered with such an array of talent from the Empire State that the glory of the Buckeye representatives would have dwindled into comparative insignificance. Such is one of the things that "might have been." Under existing circumstances, however, the success of the boys at college cannot fairly be taken as a test of the comparative merits of the institutions they come from.

Perhaps it would not be very much out of place here to indulge in a few facts, figures, and personal mention concerning the graduates who have retired with B. A.'s. affixed to their names. Since the college was organized just 36 graduates have been turned loose into the world. Of this number "Old Hartford" claims 12, Ohio 7, Pennsylvania 2, Indiana 2, Illinois 2, Iowa 2, Wisconsin 2, New York 2, South Carolina, the District of Columbia, Kentucky, and England, one each. In numbers, in grade of scholarship, and in brilliancy of talent "Old Hartford" stands at the head of this list. Two of the first graduates were from Hartford. They were Messrs. J. B. Hotchkiss and J. G. Parkinson. Mr. Hotchkiss was appointed tutor in the college as soon as he graduated. At first he was put in charge of the preparatory classes; but he gradually showed his ability to do something more, and he rose step by step until he began to teach the higher college classes, on equal terms with the older professors. Having been under his instruction almost uninterruptedly during my whole college course, in one or another branch of study, I believe I can speak intelligently of his ability as a teacher of advanced classes. I believe that I derived more benefit from his instruction alone than from all the rest of the faculty combined, not to speak disparagingly of any of them. Mr. Hotchkiss also distinguished himself by the signal ability with which he edited the *Silent World*.

Mr. Parkinson, by sheer force of his talent, literally pushed his way into the very high position of chief examiner of patents in the United States Patent office at Washington.

The third, Mr. Logan, came from Pennsylvania. After teaching a number of years at Jacksonville, he was appointed to the principalship of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, which position he still holds. The next class had five members, four of whom came from Hartford. Ohio came within one of this record by furnishing three of the six graduates of 1875.

Indiana has as good reason to feel proud of the boys she has sent to college as any State in the Union. None of her boys ever went there without graduating unless prevented by death. There was one young man in particular, who, had he lived, would have been the most brilliant young man the alumni of Kendall Green could now boast of. I refer to Edward Stretch, of the class of 1874, who died a few months before he would have graduated.

But, to leave this subject right here, it does not matter much what the record of the students is as considered from what State they come. It is quite enough for a young man to do his level best while at college, and distinguish himself, to attend to the business he went to college for, without bothering himself about the State or country he claims as his native heath, whether it be New York, Texas, Alaska, or the Sandwich Islands. It will not do to insinuate that, because this or that State institution did not send as smart boys to college as another, it had none but ignoramuses. It will not do, for such a reason, to cast reflections upon the quality of the instruction given at the different institutions. It is safer and more honorable to admit that each State institution has its fair proportion of young men having the ability to successfully pursue a full course of study at college. But this does not prevent us from asking—why

each State does not send its due proportion of young men to college. Why don't they come? There may be some who are satisfied with their education, and prefer to spend a few years learning some trade. Well, let these pass. There may be some who are simply tired of school-life and don't want any more of it. Let these pass, too. There may be some who think a college education does no good. If they are content to think so, these may pass, too. There are some whose circumstances compel them to unwillingly give up going to college, and work for bread. Some may be afraid they cannot meet college expenses. To these it may be said that they have only their clothing, traveling, and a very few other incidental expenses to meet if they cannot afford to pay \$150 a year for board, washing, and tuition. The National Government has provided for such students as are unable to pay for board by tendering them free scholarships. Again, there may be some who have no confidence in their ability to successfully pursue a collegiate course of study. To these it may be said, the advice of some friend who is acquainted with the college may be obtained, or they can watch the progress of their fellow pupils who may be at college, and feel pretty well assured that if they have succeeded as well as their comrades in the State institutions they can succeed as well at college.

The course of study at the college is neither child's play nor so hard that a deaf-mute having a fair command of language cannot, by strict attention to business, grapple successfully with it. The work the pupils are required to do is just enough to keep them busy during the hours allotted to study. At least it will do them no harm to spend a year at college and see, for themselves, just what they can do.

There still may be some who never heard of the college. If there is no body else that can be put into this class, I make up a class by myself, for I never imagined that there could be such a thing as a deaf-mute college until two weeks before I found myself inside of one. An entirely new world seemed to open to my dilated optics.

Finally, there may be some who think that the National Deaf-mute College is a humbug! These may be divided into two classes: one who think so of their own accord, and the other those who have been induced to think so by—may I say it?—persons who are jealous of the growing reputation of the college. To those "promising" young deaf-mutes, who really think the deaf-mute college is a humbug, I would like to say that I wish I could have seen a few of them opposite me, at the examination tables, going through the experience that I used to please me so much. I would be very much pleased, after they were through with all their brilliant sneering at the college, to watch the varying hues of their faces while they were vainly striving to answer a very few questions, selected out of a whole volume of them that they are expected to be equally prepared to answer. They would find that the faculty in that college, like the faculties of all other colleges, would insist that, if they can't answer the questions they selected, they can't answer any others in that particular study.

Let those who really think the course of study and requirements is not hard enough to keep a young man lively, just come and try it for themselves. If they manage to find a good excuse for declining to accept the challenge, I could tell them that I have seen many a young man, who was looked upon as a wonder of erudition in the high class from which he had just graduated with distinguished honors, come to college armed with a high class diploma, confidently expecting to slide into the freshman class as innocently as a locomotive rolls into an engine-house, and suddenly discover his mistake. They found themselves confronted by a faculty that expected them to be a good deal more familiar with certain things before they went any further than the lower, or the advanced preparatory class. He who did get into the freshman class was looked upon by the students there, who knew all about it, as a rare and lucky "cuss." If the "unbelievers" are not satisfied yet, they are respectfully referred to the testimony of the President of the John Hopkins University, at Baltimore, and Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, who were present at the delivery of the graduating essays of the class of 1878, and made themselves familiar with the working and requirements of the college, and inspected some of the examination papers of the students. They said that those examination papers would do credit to the undergraduates of any college. If this is not enough, I give up.

I now come to the thing which suggests this article. There were some who were discouraged from going to college by the misrepresentations of persons jealous of the reputation of the college. Anyone who could descend so low as to selfishly and wilfully discourage a young man in his desire to gain a higher education, by his misrepresentations concerning the only deaf-mute college in the world, ought to be made

"A fixed figure for the time of scorn To point his slow unmoving finger at."

They have hardly the poor excuse of being instigated by a jealous rivalry, for the National Deaf-Mute College enters into rivalry with no institution of its kind in the world, simply because there is no other deaf-mute college for it to compete with. The college can enjoy its own honors without, in the least, detracting from the credit of the State institutions which it depends upon for students.

Thomas H. Gallaudet has the hon-

or of founding the first deaf-mute institution in America. Give him credit for that. Harvey P. Peet acted his part gallantly by founding the New York Institution very soon afterwards, and managing it creditably until he passed off the stage. He received his full meed of praise for that. So on with Hubbell, of Ohio, Jacobs, of Kentucky, MacIntire, Fay, Gillett and other pioneers of deaf-mute instruction. They all have done nobly, and the college, at least, does not aim to lessen the credit rightly due to them any more than Yale College endeavors to overshadow the principals of ordinary high schools. It should tend to act rather as a stimulus to the institutions—not in a spirit of rivalry with them, but to raise the standard of education among them so they will be able to send young men qualified to successfully pursue the course of study marked out for them.

I think any one ought to admit that the Gallaudet family has a rightful claim to a good deal of credit for being useful to deaf-mutes. There was T. H. Gallaudet, in the face of tremendous obstacles, founding the first school for deaf-mutes in this country. Next came his son, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in 1850 starting the first deaf-mute church, at a time when everybody laughed at him for attempting a thing impossible. Next came his youngest son, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, who founded the first deaf-mute college in the world. Very few know what herculean efforts Dr. Gallaudet had to make to get the college on its feet. It was hard to find any one with foresight enough to admit that a college for deaf-mutes was any thing but a wild, insane vagary. Now the college is an established fact, which there is no denying.

The college is supported from money, secured by taxation, paid to the Government by every State in the Union. So every State has a right to enjoy the benefit of the arrangement, and should do so. It seems extravagant to ask the different State Legislatures to appropriate the people's money to pay enormous salaries to instructors of supplemental classes, when they have already paid taxes to educate their deaf-mutes at the National College. It seems as if young men who are qualified to pursue a collegiate course, and wish to do so, would be more benefited by going to college a little earlier than they usually do, because they not only get the benefit of very systematic instruction, but they come in contact with some of the brightest young men from every State. This alone would be very beneficial to them. I think it has been the experience of most of the students that those who go to college early, and spend a year or two in the preparatory class, stand a better chance of entering the freshman class than those who spend a longer time in high classes because the former go along step by step, and do not have to be examined all at once in studies they had laid aside years ago and forgotten all about.

To all young deaf-mutes who would like to have a good college training, and are able to stand it, I say "scramper off to Washington. You will find plenty of work to do. I've been there, and I know it. No humbug! It is a college!"

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 7, 1878.

A LETTER FROM TORONTO.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I beg leave to announce the following facts in your estimable paper.

There are about fifty deaf-mutes in this city, and eight mute families have their homes here.

The deaf-mutes are going to have an entertainment in this city some time this month or in December.

There was a good number of deaf-mutes present at the prayer-meeting to see Mr. Bridgen's interesting sermon, but to their disappointment he was unable to come out as he has been sick for a couple of days. We were glad to see Mr. N. V. Lewis conducting the services in Mr. Bridgen's place. It was a very interesting time. He read from Job XIV, and Luke XV and XVI.

Norman V. Lewis is deaf and dumb, and a printer by occupation, and is said to be the fastest deaf-mute typesetter in America. Will any deaf-mute printer in the United States challenge him? I know a good many deaf-mute printers in Ireland and Canada, and some of them can set type fast, like him. He was taught by Professor I. B. McGann and family; is a young man of ability and has held several services for the deaf-mutes of the Deaf-Mute Literary Association.

Charles Howe is a deaf-mute; was born at Toronto, Can. He was taught by Professor I. B. McGann and family at Toronto and Hamilton. He was sent to the Belleville Institution for some time, and was not satisfied there. He returned home last summer on account of ill health. He is a book-binder by occupation, and is working for Adam Miller & Co., of the *Journal of Education*. I am informed that he is going to visit the Flint Institution and various cities in the United States. He will be a guest of Miss McGann at Flint, Mich.

William Temple is deaf and dumb, and a printer by trade. He was educated at the Illinois Institution, and learned his trade in the *Advance* office. He was at the Montreal Institution for some time. He worked at the Lovell printing and publishing concern, Montreal, for some years, and left that establishment about four years ago, on account of dull times, then went to Toronto, Can., and obtained a situation on a weekly newspaper known as the *Canadian Baptist*. He has been there ever since. He is an old bachelor.

A deaf-mute by the name of Patrick, alias Paul Daniel Dane, who hailed from England some years ago, secured a position as porter at one of the hotels in Bradford, Ont., last spring. While there he worked for a few months and drew his pay in full. Then he went for a drive a couple of miles in the country with another mute, named George Cull. But he had a bottle of whiskey with him. He drove crooked and fast, and ran the buggy against a post. On his return he rode on horseback to the house of the owner of the buggy.

He left George Cull many miles behind. I was informed by Cull that Dane was sleeping while riding on horseback, but the horse knew where the stable was, and went home all right. Dane informed the livery man that he and Dane ought to go to the country the next day to get the buggy, which was smashed, and Dane was to pay the sum of \$16 for the broken buggy. But to the livery man's surprise, Dane fled to the State of Michigan in the evening. Afterwards he was heard of in Detroit, where he was unable to get a situation. Then he went to the country, somewhere in the State of Michigan. A warrant for his arrest has been issued lately. A few days ago a lawyer called on a mute printer in this city to get Dane's full name, and he will send for him to return and pay the damages.

Very respectfully,
John Brooks.
Toronto, Can., Nov. 11, 1878.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DEAF-MUTE MEETING.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Nov. 16, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—My visit to the New York deaf-mute institution during the 29th and 30th ult., was made pleasant by Drs. Peet and Porter. There I had it from Mrs. Rumor that the juvenile department was to be transferred to Tarrytown as soon as the buildings intended for them are put in proper order. I mean the youngest deaf-mute pupils.

On the night of the 31st ult., I left New York for Amherst, N. H., to see Mr. George Kent on important business. I was with him and his amiable family the next night, Nov. 1st, and asked them whether they could conveniently postpone the meeting from November 10th to November 17th. Tiffany replied that they could not, as every thing was arranged and could not be altered. I said that we would cheerfully do as they pleased; but they told me all they wanted was a good interpreter, as Professor Bartlett's having declined to act had discouraged them. I told them that I would try my best for them. The next morning I took a lightning journey from Amherst to West Henniker, and was in consultation with the honored deaf-mute sage of West Henniker the same night.

On Sunday night, November 3d, we sent a dispatch to the John Howard of the deaf and dumb, requesting him to send a good interpreter to Mr. Kent and his meeting. He got it the same night, and soon wrote us that Rev. John Chamberlain had been chosen for the occasion. We sent the good news to Mr. Kent the next day. I enjoyed the unaffected hospitality of the deaf-mute Cincinnati for about a week, the end of which time found me quite well rested.

On Thursday morning an iron horse carried me off, and I attended to a little business in Concord, and spent the night pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Head, at Hooksett. After leaving them I spent the afternoon well with Mr. and Mrs. Varnum B. Wright, who always welcome the missionary warmly whenever he passes through their place.

On Friday night, November 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and I boarded the train for Amherst, and were gratified at meeting Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. John Chamberlain. We all reached Mr. Kent's ancient mansion, and were warmly welcomed by the celebrated angler and his amiable family. After a social talk Dr. Gallaudet was assigned a home at the mansion for the night, Rev. John Chamberlain and the writer at that of Rev. Dr. Davis during the sittings of the meeting, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright at Mr. Frank Worcester's. The next morning, November 9th, Dr. Gallaudet made pleasant calls upon Messrs. David, Booth, and others. He was obliged to go to New York that same afternoon to fulfill an engagement the next day.

I reached this fine place night before last, to rest, and am stopping with a relative of mine, under the roof of the old house in which the sage of Marsfield began studying law with a Mr. Thompson, and in full sight of the farm which he once owned, and which he called the finest in the country. I must not neglect to take advantage of this visit to prepare you an account of Mr. Kent's meeting at Amherst, which was a great success, and which must have given him satisfaction. God will reward him for entertaining the whole meeting handsomely during two days, November 9th and 10th.

Let us return to the meeting. According to previous notice, the meeting of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission was held in a very fine chapel at Amherst on Saturday night, November 9th, where was assembled a larger number of deaf-mutes than it was thought there would be. Mr. Brown, the chairman, kept up his dignity, took the chair, and requested Mr. John O. David, of Amherst, to open the meeting with prayer, which he did by signs. Afterwards the chairman made the welcome speech, and some other speeches were delivered in the silent language.

I will give you the names of the deaf-mute visitors present, as follows: George Kent, Mrs. Lucretia Kent, Frank Worcester, Mrs. Almira Wor-

cester, Ira E. Worcester, John O. David and Mrs. Philena David, of Amherst, N. H.; Thomas Brown, Albert Gove, Mrs. Abby C. Gove, and Erasmus D. Preston, of West Henniker, N. H.; Thomas N. Head and Mrs. Marietta Head, of Hooksett, N. H.; Miss Sylvia W. Hathaway, of Peterboro, N. H.; Varnum B. Wright, Mrs. Mary E. Wright, Frank P. Blodgett, Frank C. Damon and Elton R. Gray, of Nashua, N. H.; Almos Smith and Miss Sarah T. Smith, of New Boston, N. H.; Hiram L. Livingstone and Mrs. Mary P. Livingstone, of Goffstown, N. H.; I. Edwin Livingstone, of Antrim, N. H.; Mrs. Mary Wilkins, Nahum B. Swett and Miss Charlotte Swett, of North Branch, N. H.; Frank P. Bartlett, of South Lee, N. H.; Sherburn L. Corning, of Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Minerva Fish, of Langdon, N. H.; George W. Cummings, of North Branch, N. H.; Charles A. Wilson, of Greenfield, N. H.; Sanford Willson, of Deering, N. H.; John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass.; P. W. Packard, of Salem, Mass.; Benjamin K. Brown, of Lawrence, Mass.; Gustavus Converse and Mrs. Phebe Converse, of Winchendon, Mass.; Edmund Booth, and Mrs. Mary A. Booth, of Anamosa, Ia.; E. M. Kimball, of Iowa, and Job Turner, the missionary, the whole number being 42 all told.

It is a remarkable fact that all the above-mentioned deaf-mutes are *alumni*, or graduates, of the American Asylum, except Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, who calls himself a self-taught man. Twenty-six of them are married, two are widowers, and four teen single.

On Sunday, November 10th, Rev. Dr. Davis' church was well filled. He offered a prayer, and Rev. John Chamberlain, the interpreter, signed it to the deaf-mutes present. It was an appropriate prayer. After a hymn was sung Mr. Brown made a pleasant address, and Mr. John O. David discoursed earnestly on the cross of Christ, which the minister interpreted to the speaking congregation. After Mr. David was done Mr. Chamberlain spoke to the audience about the church work in which Dr. Gallaudet had been engaged, and the writer made some remarks about the wise man who built a house on a rock, and the foolish man who built a house on the sand.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Chamberlain preached in the church, his text being, "I am the light of the world." He made some beautiful illustrations about light, which enchain the attention of the audience. Then Mr. Tillinghast made a short address against sectarianism, as he always does.

In the evening we had a prayer-meeting in the chapel, and some speeches were made. Rev. Dr. Davis closed the meeting with prayer, which Mr. Chamberlain translated into signs for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. After prayer the whole deaf-mute audience went to Mr. Kent's hospitable mansion, in a body, and enjoyed social conversations until very late in the night.

The next morning all the deaf-mutes bade good-bye to Mr. Kent and his amiable family and went home.

Miss Sarah F. Smith, of New Boston, N. H., while attending Mr. Kent's meeting, subscribed three dollars to the *JOURNAL* for this and next year. Mark her liberality. She is well worth marrying. I shall go north to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,
Job Turner.

FRESH NEWS FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 11, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few events have recently occurred at and in connection with this institution, and thinking that they might possibly interest your readers, I beg leave to contribute them to your excellent and well appreciated paper.

Last week one of the pupils, named Maurice Cullane, was removed from the institution, and accompanied to his home, in Erie county, by the steward. The cause of his expulsion is that he was so strongly addicted to the use of tobacco that it was impossible to persuade him to give it up, and when he was forced to do it, he became so troublesome that the directors were compelled to send him home. He had but recently come from Dublin, in Ireland, where he had for some time been at school. He is smart and intelligent, and but for that one vice he might have made a good scholar.

The Temperance society has been re-organized, and Brewster Allabough, chosen president, was almost unanimously elected over the opposing candidate, the latter receiving but a single vote.

Mr. Lewis W. Callahan, who graduated from this institution last summer, while in very delicate health, has fully recovered, and is now at the National Deaf-Mute College. Mr. Callahan has a large number of warm friends among both pupils and graduates, and they will all be glad to hear of his returning health, and wish him success in his new sphere of life.

The time of year has now come when even the most industrious feel inclined to lie in bed longer than usual, and a fellow feels, when about to take his morning wash, as if a spider were crawling up his back, and fish worms wriggling in his boots.

Mr. Daniel Manner, a former pupil of this institution, is in the city, looking for work, but he has not been very successful, and expects soon to go to Reading.

Two vacant rooms in the institution, one on the girls' side, and the other on the boys', are being fitted up for the drawing classes. The one on the girls' side is completed, and, according to the report of one of the boys, who assisted in hanging the pictures, it is beautiful. The room on the boys' side is not yet finished. The pupils

show marked improvement in their drawing, and as soon as the boys' room is finished a few select ones are to be taught painting.

The articulation class is also improving under the tuition of the new teacher, Miss Emma Garrett. A few pupils, who could speak but a few words, began to study the art this fall, and they have so far improved as to astonish their parents, and all their friends who were aware of their previous inability to speak. They are instructed under the Bell system.

MR. JOHN F. DONNELLY SPEAKS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My attention has been attracted by the derogatory statements hurled from a seemingly capacious western calibre, at a youth whose good fortune led him to the possession of a gold medal at the New York Institution, and whose arrival at Kendall Green has found heraldry in our pompous contemporary, Mr. George T. Dougherty, whose sophistical findings avail to the effect of awaking in to a sense of duty by making, what he would have appear a ghastly emblem, the impartial view of reality entering the precincts of that venerable college [Kendall Green] not as G. T. D. would have it, with a gold medal glittering on his breast, but with one, the possession of which most fortunately befell him. Being one of three competitors, two of whom were young ladies, who, for reasons yet in oblivion, so far declined the contest as to leave him alone to a fate that would, beyond a doubt, render his labor prostrate in battling for the honor, and he renders this more specific by disclaiming his merit in a field, under other circumstances beyond a hope without a thought of college, he was cast to its merits unprepared, where he, though a dynamic, has been favored with an installation as misplaced as the "solid basis" of his vituperation. Thus doth revert to this casual chronologist the questionable of his veracity, when informing his readers that his action was in conformity with the adage "Look before you leap," while he actually broached the chasm inadvertently, down which his record, like the subtle zester, is yet to be learned. And, to substantiate his chicanery, we perceive a gurgling articulation, crying the surprising fact of his optics having widened at the preponderous phasis of the wide-world reputation of the New York Institution. I imagine the exquisite caricature of protruding eyes, courting athwart that symbolic nose, as I conjecture, must accrue on his perusing the tribute of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who declared the address tendered him by a young miss (now a teacher) on his visit to the New York Institution, the best he ever heard or read, together with other confessions of admiration, to be confirmed in after years by Count Bernstorff, King William's (of Germany) secretary, General Diaz, of Mexico, and Dom Pedro, of Brazil. To display preference we find the South American consul sending to the New York Institution, an afflicted aspirant of that distant clime.

Of the asylum might well be recapitulated what has been said of England by Elizabeth "That its reflected glory still illumines the silent world. Making the asylum the center, environed and sustained by the service and genius of her men, whose name and fame will not be willingly left to die, why should we obituate such graduates as there now filling the positions of professors of English language, assistant chief examiner of the Patent office, and another, in connection with the asylum, a tutor of mathematics? Is it then ungraciously that I should exalt one and the other of the above-mentioned institution, the former, of whose pupils we perceive involved in the erudite ranks of almost every? Even the Ohio Institution, without that boasted home, is ever returning the compliment. And, again, how often do we behold the distinction of M. A. unfurled in Ohio's corps while two or three of our valiant sways the auxiliary? They never went to college. [This is what M. D. compounds under the denunciation of absurdity.]

Besides this we see a young man, the best graduate of the class of '72 or '73 of the Michigan Institution, surmising the faculty with which he would win the gold medal at the New York Institution, coming there and, after four years of hard study, return to his domicile minus a gold medal or any other prize. It is true that he was honored with the valedictory. How honored? By the deprivation of the dignity by Mr. Ehle (a deaf-mute,) who was admitted into the New York Institution when a stupid boy; hence the Michigan boy's pride.

Though it is said that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," still it may arise that here and there are incoherent pach, and I hope it may not be unseemly here to instance a few recusants to merit either, overlooked by Mr. D. or, perchance, that have escaped his vision. Hailing from Ohio, at a knock at our portal, we usher under our wing one figuring in the freshman class, with three of four provisions resulting in an entire failure last June, and another, a semi-mute, of twenty-five, checked (after two years' strife to acquire the freshman grade) worthless. Are you supposing me a graduate? Oh, no, I abandoned school four years before the completion of any studies, leaving me a prep. (happy to say that I find it not onerous to answer you, a freshman), in college, where my ambition, at the time, carried me, and you find me now defending a fellow to avert the section malice against him who so fairly concedes the superiority of the *JOURNAL* and to whom, as I look forward, will find experience.

JOHN T. DONNELLY.
Blackstone, Mass., Nov. 13, 1878.

